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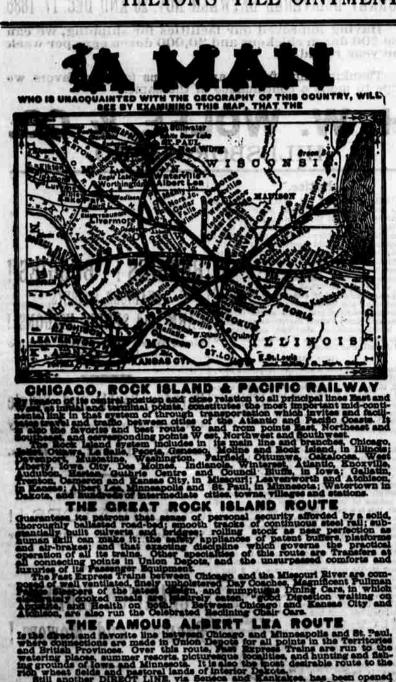
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QUINN'S COUGH SYRUP



SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The principals of the public shools in Brooklyn, N. Y., have had their salaries raised to three thousand

dollars per year.

—A stock company has been organized by San Francisco capitalists to build a Southern California University for law, medicine, art and science, —The Orphanage Cottages of the Baptist churches in Philadelphia are completed and the public opening took

completed and the public opening took place recently.

—A Sunday-school superintendent says that what is wanted in his line is some one who can address a Sunday-school without beginning his speech with "when I was a little boy."—N. Y.

—Bishop Warren states that one hundred thousand new members have been added to the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, during the last three months. These figures have no reference to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which has also had large additions.—Cleveland Leader.

-The Chinese Recorder states that there are 34 Protestant missionary societies at work in that empire, 18 British, 14 American and 4 German, British, 14 American and 4 German, and about 912 foreign missionaries, of whom 307 are married, and 150 single men and 150 single women, a net gain of about 60 in the last year.

The church at Bryan Station, Ky., celebrated its centennial anniversary recently. It was founded in April, 1776, by the father of its present pastor, the Rev. Thomas B. Dudley, and during the one hundred years of its existence has had but the two pastors, father and son. The present pastor is the stepfather of Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, and is ninety-four years old.

—N. Y. Sun.

—Among the decrees of the Roman Catholic Plenary Council is one forbid-ding pienics and excursions by night or on Sundays or feast days. Suppers or social parties at night for raising money are also prohibited. Another decree of the Council directs that within two years every parish must have its parochial school near the church. If the priest is neglectful, he must be removed; if the congregation, they must be spurred up.

-The first Presbyterian Church of New York City, over which Rev. Richard D. Harlan was recently installed, State, and from it branched off the Brick, Scotch, Rutgers, and Fifth Avenue Presbyterian churches. Its first building was erected in 1718, in Wall street, near Nassau street. Mr. Harlan is twenty-six years of age only, and is a son of Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court.-N. Y.

—A Chicago correspondent of the Congregationalist writes from Utah that the work of the schools of the new West Education Commission is very successful. The schools are crowded; the teachers are fervently given to their work as a thoroughly missionary one, and are first-class teachers. Religious revivals have recently occurred in two or three of the schools. In connection with the school in Salt Lake City there have been thirty conversions, and a new church will be organized there as

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—When some politicians are weighed they are found wanting—every office in which there is a yacancy.—Merchant Traveler.

-England's puzzle and Pat's charade: "You rouse my first by asking rent for my second, and my whole is my country"-Ire-land. -Chicago Led-

—When one speaks of the "good old times," he generally refers to the times before he was born. It can not be that he would have us understand that his coming upon the stage had anything to do with banishing the "good old times"

-An uptown chemist recently ana lyzed a can of strawberry jam and was surprised to find no trace of strawberries. This is genius. Anybody could make strawberry jam out of strawber-ries.—Philadelphia Call.

-In Massachusetts, under a nev law, a man who gives a minor a pinch of snuff is liable to a fine of fifty dollars. The law is not likely to be violated, however. A Massachusetts man was never known to give a boy anything but moral lectures. —Detroit Free Press.

—It is Sam Jones who says: "The lullables of my cradle finger with me to-day like the memory of a precious dream." But one thing we are apt to forget is the number of precious dreams the mother had to give up to keep the lullaby going.—Chicago Tribune.

—Perhaps she was right—In one of the Dundee boarding schools the teacher asked his class the meaning of the word "victim." The question seemed to puzzle the scholars, but after a pause a bright little girl answered:
"Please, sir, a victim means a man about to be married."—Dundee (Scot-

land) Advertiser. —Over the back-yard fence—"I say do you know the Shiftlesses are going to move this spring?" "No! are they, though? Well, I am glad. They have made the street a by-word." "Yes, but then, Mrs. Shiftless has fallen heir to \$45,000, and she has bought an elegant house." "O, I always liked her! but her young ones—well, they're real kind o' cunning, after all."—Hartford Post.

Vanity of a Canary. The habit of the canary to noisily oln in any conversation that may be going in the family circle is a reason why many refrain from keeping this cheerful little bird as a pet. A natcheerful little bird as a pet. A naturalist has discovered a way of remedying the difficulty. He says: We put in our canary-bird's cage every day a little mirror, as large as the palm of our hand, taking care that neither sun nor lights shall dazzle him, and he will look at himself for hours together with as much happiness as any young gentleman you ever saw. When we want him to stop singing we have only to give him the mirror.—Chicago Journal. SAME OLD THING

One of the brightest spots in this weary and checkered life-a period whose recollection helps to lighten the cares and cheer the drooping spirits of depressed humanity—is that made by those delightful social occasions when friends and neighbors meet to celebrate some pleasant event and greet one another with bright smiles and good

In the happy years of my young manhood I had the delightful privilege of attending many of these rare social oc-casions, and now being a homeless traveling man, and polite society is almost unknown to me, the memory of society as I knew it in the young and hopeful period of my life comes to me with a peculiar pleasure. The particular events that haunt my memory are the wedding anniversaries or those occasions when the neighbors, young and old, got together to give one of the old and most respected neighbors a grand surprise. Surprise parties flourished in those days, for no one in our neighborhood was able to give a party and they had to put up a job and inflict the thing

on somebody else.

I remember well the fuss it took at I remember well the fuss it took at our house to get ready, and it is fair to presume that it was the same in other houses, for our family was but the average of humanity. My dear old paternal parent would always begin by saying he didn't care to go; he'd ten times rather stay at home than go poking off over there to Jones', but he would be pitched into by my fond would be pitched into by my fond mother with: "Why don't you want to go? Don't you want to be sociable?
Do you want to live by yourself all the time? It's a pity if you can't be half-way neighborly," and the poor old man would stir himself around and get on his Sunday clothes that fitted him just as though they belonged to somebody else. Then he would puff and grunt and twist his face into all kinds of shapes, trying to button his collar on. While he was stopping to breathe he would say: "I've a notion not to wear would say: "I've a notion not to wear that thing," and he would be met with: "Of course you'll wear it; now, how you would look there without a collar on." Meekly he would submit, and after he had got it on he would look awful uncomfortable and say: "Oh! I feel like a fool with a collar on."

The party would finally all get gether and make a descent upon the doomed neighbor, and, after a great clatter and affectation of pleasure on the part of the enforced hostess, peo-ple looked about to see how they could dispose of themselves, and then sat down in the chairs along the wall and waited, seemingly "for something to turn up." A few of the intimate friends of the family, together with the hostess, would take themselves to the kitchen and laugh and gossip together, and slice up the inevitable cake and cold chicken that parties always cold chicken that parties always brought, and have a pretty good time, but in the sitting room and parlor affairs would be getting on rather stiffly. Nothing in particular seemed to have "turned up" yet, the folks would be still waiting. Before long the women would get together and stir up quite an animated conversation among themselves, and the men would be left, a work-begone and helpless. be left, a woe-begone and helpless-looking lot of mortals, sitting along the wall in an unbroken line. Some of them would try to look unconscious of their awkwardness and would gaze Traveler.

—England's puzzle and Pat's charade: "You rouse my first by asking rent for my second, and my whole is my country"—Ire-land.—Chicago Ledger.

—Many a man doesn't realize that he has had a swell time at an evening party until he tries to put his hat on the next morning.—N. Y. Mail.

—Wife—"I have been returning calls this afternoon and have had a delightful time." Husband—"The ladies unusually gossipy, I suppose?" Wife—"No; I found them all out."—N. Y. Times.

—"Do you ever sweep under the HILTON'S PILE OINTMENT

He spare room. "O, yes, often. It's so much easier than a dust-pan, you know." replied the servant.—Chicago Journal.

When one speaks of the "good old manage them well enough, but the men exhibited all their native awkwardness, trying to balance the plates on their trying to balance the plates on their knees, and at the same time endeavoring to appear at ease. A few of the bolder spirits among the young mea would bestir themselves and get into the circle of the ladies, but this was onsidered quite daring, and cases of

t were rare. My soul used to be moved with pity for the stranger or new-comer in the neighborhood, who was very cordially invited to the place, but when he got there everybody seemed to be afraid to approach him, or say a word to him, and he sat the picture of abject misery throughout the rehale against

throughout the whole evening. Time would finally come to go home, the women making a great stir gettirg on their things, and the men, now that on their things, and the men, how that they had a chance to get up and stretch their legs, felt quite bright again at d thought: "Well, it wasn't so bad after all;" and after they had got home their tongues ran on as freely about who were there and what they had on, as did those of the women.—G. W. Chapman, re Peck's Sun.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

Proposition to Put the Red Men Under

White Men's Laws. There are in this country 260,000 indians, and, counting five to a family, there are 52,000 heads of families These red people occupy, to the ex elusion of 58,000,000 of white and colored people, 134,000,000 acres of land. That is about 2,500 acres to each family. Nor is this all. In addition to more landed property than any other more landed property than any other people on earth, they have invested and uninvested sums about \$17,000,000, besides their houses, cattle and crops. In spite of their enormous wealth they are paupers, and Congress annually appropriates from five to seven million dollars to feed and clothe them. Then the military expeditions to put down the Apaches and other insubordinate tribes cost a good deal more money. The time has come for ending this unnatural system. It is now proposed in natural system. It is now proposed in influential quarters to give every Indian plenty of land in fee and to supply them with money enough to farm or breed cattle so that they could be on a par with the whites. Then the proposition is to put them under our laws and force them to "readdle their own canoes." them to "paddle their own canoes."
Were this done we would never again have an Indian war nor need we make any more appropriations to keep the Indians from starving.—Demores?

ILL-FATED DISCOVERERS. Hard Pate of the Mon Who Lecated So of the Great American Mines.

The superstitious belief is an old one. that unless the discoverer of a camp meets an untimaly or bloody end his find will never amount to any thing; and this seems borne out by facts, since all the discoverers of the great gold mines in the United States, with but few exceptions, have, as the saying goes, "died with their boots on." thirty-eight booming towns in early days, the locators of twelve were killed by bullet, three were buried in their creations by cave-ins and the rest drifted away with the tide of immigration, have become lost in oblivion or died and were buried in paupers' graves. George H. Fryer, from whom the celebrated "Fryer Hill," of Leadville, derives its name, died at Denver not long ago from an overdose of mor Two years previous to his death he was worth a million or so, but he died a worth a million or so, but he ded a pauper and almost without a friend. Old Virginny, after whom the "Con-solidated Virginia" was named and who sold his claim for twenty-five dol-lars, a pony and a bottle of whisky, came to his death by an overdose from

a bucking mule near Dayton, Nev. Bill Bodie, the discoverer of the great Standard mine in Mono County, Cal., slept his life away in a snow-storm, while making his way to the

mines. Colonel Story, who gave his name to the county in Nevada where the Com-stock is situated, was killed in battle by the Pyramid Lake Indians.

Thomas Page Comstock died a beggar in a strange land. "Old Pancake as he was known in the mining camps. committed suicide at Bozeman, Mon. on September 27, 1870, by shooting himself. He was the leader of the famous Big Horn expedition that was sent out by Nevada capitalists in search of the Lost Cabin mines, supposed to be somewhere among the Big Horn moun-tains. The expedition was a failure, and Comstock, whether from disap-pointment or from some other cause, while encamped near Bozeman, drove a pistol-ball through his head and died

a pistoi-ball through his head and died instantly. He was buried there, and his grave is unmarked and unknown.

Near the wild spot where twelve years before the hidden treasure of Alder Gulch was first revealed to him, William Fairweather was laid down to rest. Like poor "Old Pancake," this erratic soul stranded on the shoals of dissipation, although each in his day had turned a key—the one silver, the other golden—which unlocked millions for others but nothing for themselves. William Farrel, who "struck" Meadow Lake, died a victim to remorse in one of the leading hospitals of San Fran-cisco, "haunted by the spirit of one thousand deluded pioneers and pros-pectors passing and repassing his dying bed." The locator of the famous Homestake, in the Black Hills, is said to afterward have turned road agent. Times going hard with him, he at-tempted to stop a stage loaded and prepared for just such emergencies, and he was planted alongside the road by the tender-hearted express agents whom he had tried to rob and kill. Homer, of the Homer district, followed in the suicidal tracks of Comstock. squandering a small fortune he shot his brains out on the streets of San Francisco. Doughnut Bill, "Old Eureks, Kelse Austin, Lloyd Magruder, "Nine Mile Clark," George Hankin-son, Henry Plummer and scores of others died violent deaths in one way or another and reaped nothing from the rich mass each had made in his day. Doughnut Bill was planted in the Lone Mountain cemetery in Utah, in 1868; a lone grave under a white pine tree in a frontier mining town of California tells where poor "Old Eureka sleeps his last Kelse Austin was killed and buried in Elcho County, Nev., fifteen

years ago.

Lloyd Magruder, while conducting a number of wagons loaded with treasure from Virginia City to the nearest railso many victims to intemperance as they are inforced has in the original city to the nearest railso many victims to intemperance as they are inforced has, in the opinion of the reason was murdered and robbed by his oad, was murdered and robbed by his amp about Virginia City. He was the first locator of the rich ground about Virginia City, but thought he could make more money and quicker, too, by taking what was already mined than by laboring in the gulch day after day and getting it by hard, honest toil. But he was tripped up at last and died a cringing, miserable coward, on the cringing, miserable coward, on the gallows of his own construction.—Fort Keogh (M. T.) Cor. Milwaukee Sentinel.

TRAINING FLEAS.

A Circus Composed of Two Hundred In-telligent Little Insects.

A flea circus, composed of about two hundred of the most distinguished and intelligent fleas in the entire family, was exhibited a few years ag o.

Who first discovered that the flea was susceptible to education and kind treatment is unknown; but the fact remains that on their small heads there is a thinking-cap capable of accomplishing great results. In the selection of fleas for training, however, the same care must be taken as with human beings, as the greatest difference is found in them. Some are exceedingly apt scholars, while others can never learn, so it is that great numbers of fleas are experimented with before a troupe is

One of the first lessons taught the flea is to control its jumping powers, for if its great leaps should be taken in the middle of a performance, there would be a sudden ending to the circus. To insure against such a misfortune, the student flea is first placed in tune, the student flea is first placed in a glass phial, and encouraged to jump as much as possible. Every leap here made brings the polished head of the flea against the glass, hurling the insect back, and throwing it this way and that, until, after a long and sorry experience, and perhaps many head-aches, it makes up its mind never to unfold its legs suddenly again. When it has proved this by refusing to jump in the open air, the first and most important lesson is complete, and it joins the troupe, and is daily harnessed and trained, until, finally, it is pronounced ready to go on the stage or in the ring.—C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.

TEMPERANCE READING.

AN INHUMAN KING.

Mis Voluntary Subjects Bound by Silken Cords, Which Soon Turn into Chains of Steel—A Sad End and a Solemn Warn-

Once upon a time there lived in country more beautiful than any other, and whose hills and valleys were covered with waving grain, green grass and lovely flowers, a King who numbered his subjects by the thousand and ten thousand.

These subjects were different from the subjects of all other Kings, in that they were happy people from other lands who from choice left their pleas-ant homes to dwell in this strange land, because it seemed more beautiful than their own, and here liberty seemed

than their own, and here liberty seemed to have full sway.

And for a time they were happy, and had a royal good time, and their King seemed the jolliest fellow of them all. But after they had been in his domain a certain length of time, he caused a silken cord to be wound about them, as a mark of favor he told them; and as it but added to their appearance and gave them a distinguished air, those so bound seemed to rather like this ornamental sign of their King's favor, and laughed at and made fun of their poky companions, as they termed them, whom they had left behind them in their own land. their own land.

But after a time "a change came o'er the fancy of their dream," and their glee turned to bitterest anguish, for their silken cords but covered chains of iron and of steel, and the King caused them to be tightened, until they were captives, bound hand and foot, and the greater their distress the greater his pleasure, and the deeper their cries the louder his laughter. The more earnest their prayer for release, the more de-risive his answer—"Ye were not bound to come into my kingdom. There was no one compelling you to come; you came of your own sweet wills to enjoy the liberty afforded in my dominion; you have all the liberty I can afford to give good subjects," quoth the inhuman King, as the very blood of these miser-able wretches seemed turned to fire in their veins, and they would give al-most their life to be but once more in their own humble land, and many, very many of them die in their bondage with the chains eating into their flesh; while here and there one more chain, and starts back home, very few clude the ever watchful King and get home in safety, more dead than alive, and after years of quietude in their own dear land feel that they are men again and that they are now indeed free, and that their original idea of liberty was a mistaken one, and they spend the re-mainder of their lives trying to warn their countrymen of the consequences sure to follow if they but set foot in the dominion of this King, seemingly so grand and good, but at the last so fiendish and bad. Some listen and heed the warning, others snap their fingers and laughing say: "How fool-ish you talk; there is no danger to me such as you say," and go on to a dear experience and a bitter death. How sad their end.

All of us know more or less of this accursed King. Alcohol is his name, and we have sometimes cried out and and we have sometimes cried out and tried to warn some promising young man, when we have seen King Alcohol binding him with the silken cord of habit just forming. Often we have pained to see our warning unheeded, but that ought not to make us give up in despair, but only to nerve us up to greater efforts, and if perchance we may help to break the shackles and set some captive free we have accomplished

there are.

Young man, why not tell your friend the truth, the first time you ask him to take a social glass with you? Perhaps he has scruples against taking a drink. Instead of telling him it will not hurt him but do him good, why not tell the truth and say: "Here Charlie, do truth and say: "Here Charlie, do the vital merit of involving no political significance, but appealed to the roundations upon which popular the vital merit of involving no political significance, but appealed to the roundations upon which popular teamsters, who were Plummer's out-laws in disguise; George Hankinson and Henry Plummer were hauled up by vigilantes and strung up without the by vigilantes and strung up without the delay and formality of a trial. Plumdays of the mining camps of Montana, truth and say: "Here Charlie, do want the honor in the coming years of being the one that caused you to take your first step toward a drunkard's un-honored grave. This glass will pave the way." I think I see your friend start back in holy horror, and say in terror: "No, no! If you are my friend terror: "No, no! If you are my friend you would not urge me so to do; henceforth and forever we part company, you to go your way and I mine." He would feel grossly insulted at your proposition; but isn't that just what you are doing, every time you take a drink yourself or offer it to your friends? Arn't you just one step nearer demandered and one step farther from drunkerdom and one step farther from

the happy land of sobriety? You may prate of your liberty, your being free to drink or free to let it closer every time you yield to tempta-tion, until after a little you can not

is almost like taking the life to break it. You who have formed this habit, try the experiment of quitting just for

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THE Woman's Christian Temperan Union in California is steadily growing Fourteen new unions were formed dur ing the past two months.

A MAN was found dead in a barn in this city the other day. A daily paper said of the case that there were no marks of violence or evidence of poisoning, but it is supposed he died from the effects of liquor; just as if this was not poison enough to kill anybody. - Chicago Standard.

A LOCAL Bellaire (O.) statistician rate off the following: "There are gets off the following: "There are about 60 saloons in Bellaire. Putting nounced ready to go on the stage or in the ring.—C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.

—A garment, half ulster and half newmarket, with hood, is introduced as a spring wrap. It comes in plaids of the kind to be seen twenty blocks away.—N. Y. Mail.

—A little four-year-old described the lightning of the previous night as "the wind blowing the sun back again."

about 60 saloons in Bellaire. Putting their condition. The knightly reasons for the prohibition are that "the man who does not use liquor will be less lisable to commit rash and violent acts;" "that his employer will not have his drinking habits as an excuse for get and 2,400 glasses of whisky. For this \$390 is daily expended—or \$2,730 per weck—\$141,960 per year. This \$141,—960 would buy 28,392 loaves of bread, would clothe 300 men for a year or would buy 30 good farms."

—A little four-year-old described the lightning of the previous night as "the world buy 30 good farms."

A SUCCESSFUL REFORMATION Private Dalsell Tells How He Quit the

The following letter speaks for itselfs To Editor Cincinnati Commercial Gas

I was past thirty, well on towards forty, before I became at all addicted to the liquor habit.

I contracted it in politics—a very good place to catch and retain the disease. I was a pretty hard drinker of the periodical class. For months I would be sober as a preacher, until I got the first drink; then I was in for a week, to end with a sick spell and a season of repentance and good resolutions, in turn to be broken in a short time. At length I began to see where I

was. I was yet comparatively a young man, and it was not too late. Something must be done.
So I locked myself up in my room

and refused to see any one for three days. I was duly sober and out of reach of liquor, though desiring is greatly. But I determined never to leave that room until I had settled the question finally. I never thought of swearing off. I had tried that That is a poor plan.

I had experimented with the Sons of

Temperance, the Murphy movement and the Church—all to no purpose. Without a book or paper, there I went into a committee of one on the matter, and sat down to converse with my own I had really but a single question to

pass upon—you will smile to read what it was—"what in the world had I been it was-"w drinking?"

For years I had been an eye-witness of the manner of compounding the liquors sold in drug stores and saloons. I knew how much fusel oil, opium, strychnia, nicotine, burnt sugar and rain water it takes to make a barrel of whisky. Like all drinking men, I had long known by observation the effects of these poisons. I had seen them kill men and women.

They had often nearly poisoned me to death. I saw that all liquors were adulterated, and that while some have more and some less poison in them. they are all vile adulterations, and that there is not a drop of pure liquor on tap anywhere. The more I thought of all these things the less I desired to drink again, and the more I became disgusted with these villainous compounds called brandy, gin, whisky. I saw they were all surcharged with poison—all without any exception. By degrees, as I advanced in my recollection of facts that had fallen under my experience and observation—leaving out of sight the moral and religious questions, important as they are-I at length awoke from my reverie to dis-cover I had lost all taste or desire for the nauseous stuff. I have never desired or taken a drink of any intoxicating liquor since, and never will. Such is the simple story of my alienation is the simple story of my alienation from this disgusting and dangerous habit. The same process will cure any man who will consider it. PRIVATE DALZEI

An Important Study.

The Senate bill providing for the study of the nature of alcoholic drinks and narcotics, and their effects upon the human system, at West Point and Annapolis, in the Indian schools, and in the public schools of the Territories and the District of Columbia, has been reported favorably to the House and placed on the calendar. The re-port accompanying the bill states that nearly 2,000,000 men and women have petitioned the Legislatures of the dif-ferent States for similar laws, and up to the present year the wishes of the people have been complied with in fourteen States. As an evidence that greater efforts, and it percent may help to break the shackles and set some captive free we have accomplished something and have shown our hatred of this King that is ruining and killing so many of our young men.

One of the greatest helps King Alcomand the greate

vital importance to individual health and social security .- Toledo Blade. What Labor Knows.

very foundations upon which popular

self-government rested—the intelli-gence of the people. It was difficult to see how any objection could be raised to such a statute, except by those who feared to have the next gen-

eration educated upon a subject uni-versally recognized to be of the most

Labor knows better than any other element in society the extent of the drink evil. The intelligent workingman who looks abroad perceives that all the efforts at securing better conditions for his class must fail so long alone, as you please, but you talk of something you don't possess, for you are binding yourself in a chain of iron, and are riveting the bars closer and the saloon, and by the cultivation of large a proportion of its earnings in the saloon, and by the cultivation of depraved tastes kills its own conscience, ambition, self-respect and capacity for break your fetters if you would. improvement. He perceives the futili-It is very easy to form a habit, but it ty of talk about the inequality of compensation so long as the fact exists, patent to all the world, that if labor retrenched half its expenditures upon drink a fund would result sufficient to month, and after having faithfully tried it, then boast of your liberty if you truthfully can.—Mrs. A. V. Kendall, in Indianapolis Sentinel.

drink a fund would result sufficient to insure comfort and abundance to all its members and to furnish them besides with the means of higher educasides with the means of higher educa-tion and enjoyment. He knows from sad experience that, as a working-man writes to the Voice "three-fourths of the destitution among laborers and their families is the result of intemperance." He knows, too, that the saoon in politics has degraded the suf-AT Grifin, Ga., a few days ago, a man who had been mayor of the city and one of its most prosperous and popular citizens died a pauper in its poor house. Drink did it.

A MAN was found dead in a barn in this city the other day. A daily paper said of the case that there were no marks of violence or evidence of makes with the dangerous classes, whose lawlessness, punished or unpusished, is paid for at last out of the workers. - N. Y. Tribune.

> THE movement among Knights of abor to prohibit the use of intoxicants by the members is in the right direc-tion. If successful, it will do much to increase their power and smellorate their condition. The knightly reasons for the prohibition are that "the man who does not use liquor will be less li-able to commit rash and violent acts;"